

## Letter from Tilton C. Reynolds to Juliana Reynolds, November 13, 1861

Headquarters, 105 Regt., Co.

Camp Jameson Nov 13th, 1861

Dear Mother,

As I have been writing to the girls and have still more time I thought I might as well write to you and give you a full Description of the State of affairs in our camp. There was a great excitement here yesterday morning about the time we Started to meet the Enemy. (As we thought) Some was Scared and Some were crazy to get going. Some that were on guard was trying to get others to take their place to let them go. But we Soon got Started me without my Breakfast for we got the news about 12 O Clock and after telling them all to be ready at 4? Oclock and cleaning out my gun I layed down in our tent that is the one I used to Stay in and went to Sleep and did not get awake until the long Roll of the Drums called them in to the line of Battle and then I had to get my Heaversack filled (ie) enough provisions in it for one day. I got every thing fixed up in a hurry and pitched in to Ranks and then we Started. We marched out about 5 miles and then we came to a halt and rested a little while and Started again and went about 4 miles farther and made another halt. Here the Col Instructed the men to take It cool and fire low and let them know that the Wild Cats were made of good material. After this we all Stood with out our guns loaded.

Pretty Soon however a messenger came dashing up his horse foaming with word to load Immediately and march to the field. We all loaded in Double quick time and all thought our balls would be Shot out at the Seceshers Instead of at target (which we did to day). We marched on to the field where we halted but before we came to the field we had to cross a river which was rather Bothersome having only a little place to cross on. But the fellows

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were So keen that they jumped in and waded It. After we had crossed though and had got halted in the field the long Roll began again for there was three Regt there [?] on their arms waiting for an attack.

As Soon as the Roll began every man Seized his gun with a determination which Showed they were ready for the fight. The Col ordered if any man was Seen running to Shoot him like a dog. There was Some few however and Some that came from handy Reynoldsville that changed color considerable when the Drums beat for (all Ready). I might have been amongst them too but as I could not See my face I can not tell. But It proved to be nothing more than a Signal to have them ready at all times. We were then Dismissed for a few minutes. After we had all Set down on the grass the old drums began again. This time we thought Surely Something would be done. We marched up to Pohick church where Gen George Washington was married and halted and lay there about 2 hours and Started for home. Some of the Regts however went to a creek Some miles beyond where we were and Some of the Cavalry got into a little skirmish. I will send a Baltimore Clipper with our Reconoissance in it. I have it marked. You will see a cross or a few marks By It on the first page. We are in Gen Heintzelmans division. Some of the Boys were nearly give out when they got to camp. My feet were pretty sore.

I am going to Alexandria tomorrow to get my likeness taken if I can get a pass. The colonel is very particular about Signing passes. But if he does not let me out Dillon & Hall will be here in a day or two to take pictures and I will get it then. Conser & Long got thiers taken to day. You need not send me any more postage stamps at present I will have money to Buy them now. But I must quit this for I have no more room and all I have wrote is about a march to Pohick church, but I forgot to tell you there was a house where we stopped full of nice furniture which the Soldiers broke all to pieces. A splendid Beaurio which must have cost 50 Dols they Smashed to atoms and a Settee of costly material they [Served?] in the Same manner. But I must quit. Give my love to Pap & Kiss Johnny & Tommy for me. Give

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my love to Willie & Arthur & except my Sincere love for yourself and believe me your loving son.

Tilton